

AL RISALAH



HAS THE TIME NOT COME

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"Let those (believers) who sell the life of this world for the Hereafter fight in the cause of Allah, and whoever fights in the cause of Allah, and is killed or gets victory, We shall bestow on him a great reward"

Surah An-Nisa: 74

Editors note

Assalaamu alaykum wa rahmatullaahi wa barakaatuh.

We had spoken in the past about the obligation of jihad and preparing for it and now we have reached the critical point of marching forth. Preparation takes as long as the heart and mind struggle to sync with one another. Once these two organs are in harmony, the body sets forth to fulfil its purpose.

Ka'b bin Malik (radhiyallaahu anhu) was one of three sahabah who missed the point of marching forth for the battle of Tabook. His desire and intent were there, but they did not reach culmination and he subsequently endured a boycott of 50 days before Allah declared his forgiveness in the Qur'an. Thus, his lack of marching forth was an obvious error, despite his intent to do so.

We cannot spend our entire lives preparing for a goal that is never reached. If our lives have thus far been spent in assisting the enemy states of Islam with our various degrees and diplomas, they could be better spent assisting the jihad instead.

The kuffar delight in the bombing of hospitals, schools, courts and the like for a society cannot be built on the lack of professionals. Therefore, of absolute importance is the presence of medical professionals skilled in healing the wounded, teachers and professors capable of averting lack of education, mechanical and electrical engineers overseeing the working of engines, technicians assuring the online safety of the people, cameramen and journalists eager to spread the truth, writers and authors able to avert false rumours and ulama intent on protecting the inheritance of prophethood. The list goes on.

Any burden holding us back from marching forward is just one more weight in the scale of reward on the day of Qiyaamah. As Allah says: "March forth, whether light (of burden) or heavy, and strive with your wealth and your lives in the path of Allah. That is better for you, if only you knew."





Sheikh Ayman al-Zawahiri

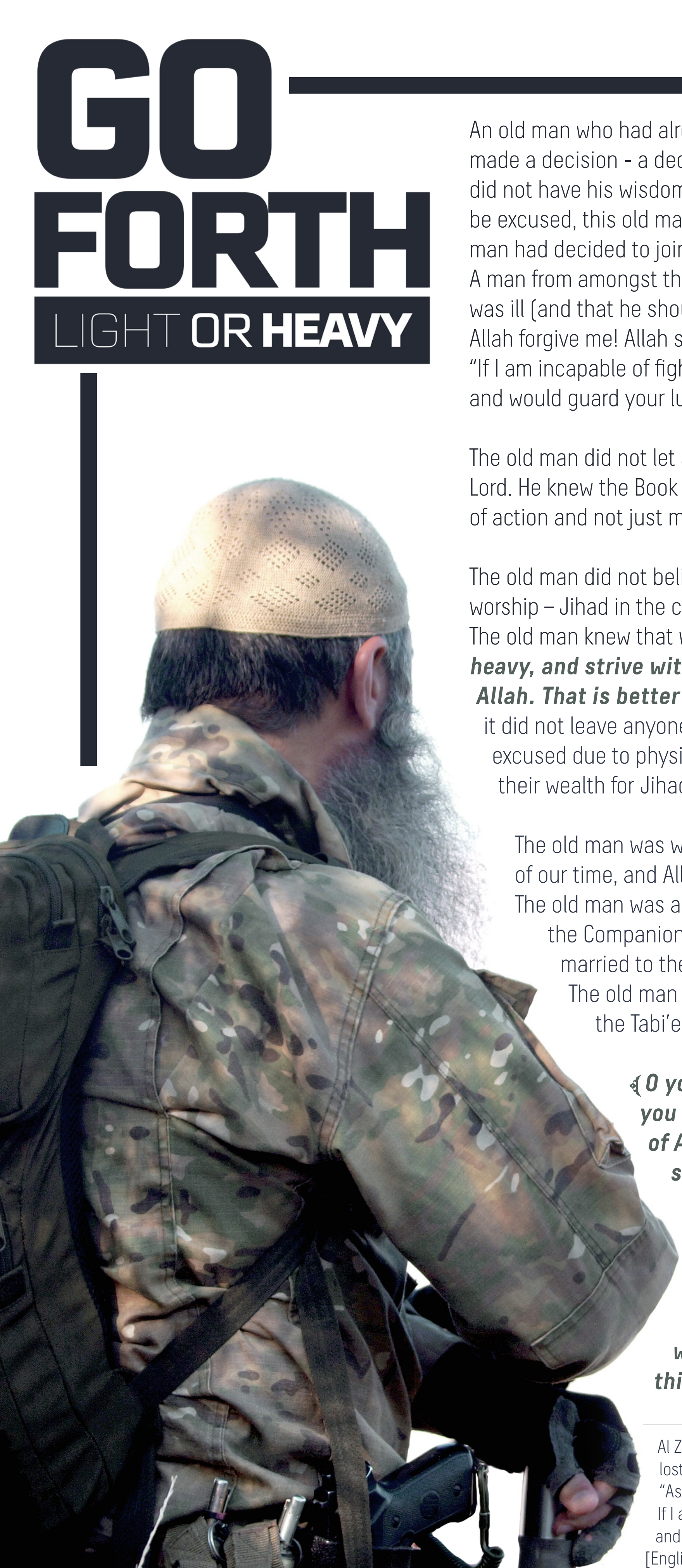
"To my brothers the Mujahidin in Sham, the land of stronghold and jihad from all over the world. The issue of unity today is a matter of life and death for you. Either you unite to live as Muslims in honor, or you will differ and be disunited and be eaten one by one."

"Remain steadfast, servants of Allah, against this vicious attack! That in which the eastern and western crusaders have aligned with the secular Alawites and the apostate Shia. Be patient, resilient and remain garrisoned. Do not be silenced by the war machines of the Crusaders, because they have been defeated previously in Afghanistan and in Iraq! Remember the words of the Emir Mullah Muhammad Umar (RA), who put his trust in Allah when he said, "Allah promised me victory and Bush promised me defeat, so we will see which of the two promises is truer". Remember his words when he said, "The case of Osama (RA) is not the matter of one man, rather it is a matter of the honor of Islam!" and when he said to his brothers, "If you surrender Osama, then tomorrow you will surrender me".

ALLAH HAS PROMISED VICTORY

- *"It is our obligation today to support the jihad in Sham with all that we are able, and to march forth, light and heavy! It is our obligation today to incite the Mujahidin in Sham to unite, so that they may free themselves from the secular Alawite regime and its allies from the Safavid Shia, the Russians and the western Crusaders, and so that they can establish a rightly guided, Mujahid, Islamic state."*
- *"We have and continue to call for the unification of the Mujahidin in Sham and their uniting to establish a rightly guided, Islamic, Mujahid government. That which spreads justice, spreads shura (consultation), restores people's rights, helps the oppressed and revives jihad, thus opening the lands, and strives to liberate al-Aqsa, and restore the Caliphate upon the Prophetic methodology."*
- *"By the will of Allah, the association to an organization (i.e. al-Qaida) will never be an obstacle in the face of those great hopes. Those which the Islamic Nation longs for, that which we are a part of, and we are not a trustee over it, nor have we jumped upon it with a pledge of allegiance to people that no one knows"*
- *"To our Muslim Nation in the Heartland of the Believers, and to our noble brothers, the lions of Sham, we are from you. Our efforts are for you and we are a part of you. Even if we are separated by many lands, we are united by our creed and our religion. We are with you, fighting a united battle across many fronts against the great international criminals, the Crusaders and their allies the apostates. Your victory is our victory, your honor is our honor and your consolidation is our consolidation."*
- *"That very trust in Allah and dependence upon him – without depending on any others – is what destroyed the war machines of the eastern and western Crusaders in Afghanistan. Then they were destroyed in Iraq, and they will be destroyed in Sham, by the will of Allah."*

GO FORTH
LIGHT OR HEAVY



An old man who had already lost one of his eyes due to his advanced years made a decision - a decision he knew he would not regret. However, others did not have his wisdom and foresight. When others sought every excuse to be excused, this old man sought every excuse not to be excused. The old man had decided to join the Mujahideen in the Muslim army.
A man from amongst the Mujahideen protested, telling the old man that he was ill (and that he should not go out for Jihad). The old man replied, "May Allah forgive me! Allah says the light and the heavy." The old man continued, "If I am incapable of fighting at least I will increase the number of the army and would guard your luggage."

The old man did not let anything or anyone come in between him and his Lord. He knew the Book of Allah very well, and knew that his religion was one of action and not just mere words and lip service.

The old man did not belittle any good deed when it came to the pinnacle of worship – Jihad in the cause of Allah.
The old man knew that when Allah said, ﴿ ***Go forth, whether light or heavy, and strive with your wealth and your lives in the cause of Allah. That is better for you, if you only knew.*** ﴾ (9:41)
it did not leave anyone any excuse not to make Jihad, and if they were excused due to physical incapacity, they were not excused from spending their wealth for Jihad.

The old man was worth more than one hundred thousand of the youth of our time, and Allah knows best.
The old man was a not just any old man, but rather he was one even the Companions would direct people to obtain fatwas from. He was married to the daughter of the Companion Abu Hurayrah.
The old man was Saeed ibn al-Musayyab, the famous scholar of the Tabi'een.

﴿ ***O you who have believed, what is [the matter] with you that, when you are told to go forth in the cause of Allah, you adhere heavily to the earth? Are you satisfied with the life of this world rather than the Hereafter? But what is the enjoyment of worldly life compared to the Hereafter except a [very] little. If you do not go forth, He will punish you with a painful punishment and will replace you with another people, and you will not harm Him at all. And Allah is over all things competent.*** ﴾ (9:38-39)

Al Zuhri states that Ibn Al Musayab joined the army when he had already lost one of his eyes due to old age. He was told "you are ill", he said, "Astaghfirullah (May Allah forgive me) Allah says the light and the heavy. If I am incapable of fighting at least I will increase the number of the army and would guard your luggage." (Mashari Al-Ashwaq Ila Masari Al-Ushaaq [English translation], p.17)



DOUGMA

SELF-SACRIFICIAL OPERATIONS

Imagine the feeling of knowing you are about to sacrifice yourself in an armoured vehicle filled with explosives (dubbed as the SVBIED) deep behind enemy lines.

Al Risalah had exclusive access to ibn Hussain al Turkistani, a mujahid from the Turkistan Islamic Party (TIP). He enlisted for, what is known here in Syria, as a martyrdom operation. We had the opportunity to speak to him days before he executed the operation, which was the stepping stone to the conquest of Kharbat Nakus, located in Sahel al Ghab, a strategic point in Syria. May Allah accept him.

Al Risalah: How does it feel knowing that, you are about to perform a self-sacrificial operation?

Ibn Huseyn: All praises belong to Allah who has facilitated me and has chosen me from among thousands of brothers. I have been asking my Lord for five years now, since I was twenty years old, to bless me with such an opportunity. Finally He has accepted my prayer and has chosen me to carry out this self sacrificial operation. What is more honorable, when you know that your Creator, the Lord of the Heavens and the Earth, smiles at you as you rush towards death for His Sake without looking back? Nothing is more delightful when I ponder about what awaits me as soon as the first drop of my blood spills. Of course, I can never comprehend the grandeur of what awaits me, for Jannah is the place which "no eyes have ever seen, nor have any ears heard of". Neither hardship, nor evil – I can finally be in eternal tranquility with no worries. The Hoor-al-Ayn, the smell of musk and cups of wine... Every minute in this world seems too long when you begin to ponder all these blessings. Such are the blessings of your Lord, the Most Gracious, the Most Generous.
So in short, I am very excited at the moment knowing that I will finally meet Allah, the King of kings.

Al Risalah: So, what motivated you to perform such an operation?

Ibn Huseyn: I was born in East Turkestan, a land occupied by the disbelievers. From childhood, I was eye witness to regular oppression on my fellow Muslims. My sisters were not allowed to put on the veil (hijab), they feared they would be thrown into the dungeons of the cruel communists just like our neighbor's daughters were. My father was harassed by the authorities for carrying a Qur'an once. When I reached puberty, I was not able to follow the Sunnah of our beloved Prophet ﷺ and grow the beard as it was prohibited there. I am a witness to the deep animosity that the disbelievers have towards us Muslims. Then, I witnessed the Crusader Americans enter Iraq and massacre the country, the pictures of our brothers stripped of their clothes and humiliated, the rape of the 14 year old Abeer al Janabi, among the countless accounts of American oppression.

> **" I TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE TIMES WHEN THE DUAAS ARE ACCEPTED AND I BEGGED ALLAH FOR MARTYRDOM DURING THE NIGHT PRAYERS.**

They never stopped there, but exported their "democracy" to Afghanistan, Somalia and Yemen, I was witness to pictures of corpses of women and children charcoaled by cruise missile in Aden (Yemen). In their lands, they arrange occasions to burn the Qur'an. They also support, financially and militarily, the terrorist occupiers in Palestine. Today in Syria, the massacre cannot be ignored by anyone with a heart. I wept profusely seeing the brother buried alive by the filthy goons of Assad for saying "La ilaha illa Allah".
Such events culminated into my decision of enlisting myself for the martyrdom operation against the disbelievers.

Al Risalah: What inspired you to do this?

Ibn Huseyn: First, the Qur'an, which is very straightforward about Jihad and fighting the disbelievers. With respect to martyrdom operations, go to Surah Buruj and study its tafsir – the story of



the Boy and the king. It provides an appropriate example of a self sacrificial operation. Islamic Spring by Shiekh Ayman al Dhawahiri and Millat Ibrahim by Shiekh Abu Muhammad al Maqdisi, among others, are books I found motivating.
With respect to lectures, I was inspired by the speeches of Shiekh Abu Yahya al Libi, Shiekh Ibraahim Rubaysh and Shiekh Haarith al Nadhari, may Allah accept them all among the martyrs.

Al Risalah: How did you prepare yourself in order to reach here?
Ibn Huseyn: Before deciding to perform this martyrdom operation, I made my intentions solely for Allah, and asked Him always to choose me. I took advantage of the times when the duaas are accepted and i begged Allah for martyrdom during the night prayers. I would also I would make an effort to perform more righteous deeds (ibadat) with more sincerity and consistency.

Al Risalah: Why is it that most martyrdom operations are carried out by young men in their 20s and 30s like you? Why not send an old Mujahid or even women who are greater in number and have lesser responsibilities?
Ibn Huseyn: Most front-line fighters are from among the youth. So logically most of such are operations are carried out by youth. Apart from that, we fight to defend our religion and our people, to protect our elders and our women, and not push them towards peril. We do not deem them to have less responsibilities, rather each individual can play an important role unique to him or her when aiding Islam and the Ummah.

Al Risalah: What do you say to those Muslims who say martyrdom operations are un-Islamic? Describe the military impact it has on the enemy, which otherwise could not be achieved by other means?
Ibn Huseyn: Anyone who holds such an opinion is unaware of the situation on the ground. Just consider for a moment the possibility of a very important strategic location/place/target which is in the hands of the enemy and the Mujahideen cannot advance. This is when martyrdom operations are indispensable. Thus to minimize the loss of sacrificing hundreds of fighters, isn't it better to sacrifice one fighter with an armored vehicle which will explode and terrorize them and make an easy way for the Mujahedeen to advance? And by such operations the precious lives of mujahideen are spared. There are proven results, for instance, as seen in Afghanistan and Iraq against the Crusaders.

Al Risalah: Where, if you were given the opportunity, would you carry out a martyrdom operation?
Ibn Huseyn: If I had the chance to choose my target, I would have chosen the filthy Chinese occupiers in Turkestan because I have witnessed their oppression and have seen their deep-rooted hatred towards Islam and Muslims. Today, it is well known that their anti-Islamic policies suppress the Muslims in East Turkestan. The way they torture our religious scholars and rape our precious sisters requires a response that they will never forget.

Al Risalah: You are going to be in the vehicle shortly and behind enemy lines and all that will separate you from this world and the Hereafter is, maybe, the click of a button that you are willingly going to press… what are your expectations for the events to follow?
Ibn Huseyn: If I describe my last moments before carrying out a martyrdom operation, I see myself penetrating the line of defense of the disbelievers and destroying them – sending them where they belong – Hellfire. Of course we will inshaAllah never meet. The Mujahideen will be shouting the takbeer and will advance forward.

Al Risalah: Any final comment or advice to the Ummah before you depart?
Ibn Huseyn: I forward my final advice to my fellow Mujahideen brothers – be steadfast. Never forget to make duaa to Allah; remember Him in your ease and He will remember you in your difficulty; finally, do not become complacent just because you have become a Mujahid who is in the lands of Jihad.

May Allah accept our beloved brother who carried out his operation and did not turn back, A true lion of Islam, the hadith of the prophet ﷺ comes to mind,

"The best of all martyrs are those who fight in the front line; they do not turn their faces away until they are killed. They will be rolling around in the highest rooms of Paradise, their Lord laughing at them - when your Lord laughs at a servant, there is no accounting for him."
[Ahmad, Sahih]

Verily he fought at the front and he did not turn back.

May Allah accept him.

JIHAD IS BEAUTIFUL. IT LIBERATES THE OPRESSED AND HELPS THE NEEDY. DONT LET ITS BEAUTY BE SPOILT BY THE EXTREMISM OF THE KHWARIJ





A TRUE LOVE STORY

ALTHOUGH TIME AND SPACE HAVE SEPARATED US, YOU ARE NEVER FAR FROM OUR HEARTS

It`s the beginning of summer, and as I stand in one of the old Syrian regime military bases now in the hands of the Mujahideen I stare up into the clear blue sky and remember past days... days that are never far from my mind and heart. Days filled with companionship – companionship of the Book of Allah and companionship with brothers... How I wish they were with me now.

I remember days with brothers, brothers like Abu Haroon who would prefer to lock himself in his cell even during recreation times and seclude himself, memorising the book of Allah, forsaking time spent out of his cell, except for collecting his food and for attending the Friday congregational prayers. I remember brother Rafiq who would teach us about Jihad. I remember brothers like Abu Bakr and Abu Abdullah who chose life sentences for themselves so their brothers in Islam could walk free. And the day when Abu Bakr lamented to me his regret at being transferred from a maximum security prison to a lower security prison because of the companions he left behind - amongst them Mujahideen and students of knowledge. I remember uncle Nuh, who would spend his days calling the prisoners to the Deen of Allah despite the long years he spent in prison on false charges. I remember brother Zaki, who would exert himself to smuggle into the prison banned CDs of Shiekh Anwar al-Awlaki (may Allah have mercy on him), despite the consequences of getting caught. I remember brother Musa who would not hesitate in defending Islam with his heart, tongue, and hands, even if it cost him years more in the prison.
I remember Commander Qudamah the Pushto, who would always be so warm and kind to his brothers, but if you looked deeply into his eyes you could see the pain and sadness, missing his beloved homeland the land of Jihad and honour.

If it was not for this Jihad, I would have preferred to stay with you. Even though we were held captive, we knew we were always free – for the heart attached to Allah does not care about the state of its body in this passing world. Bound in chains, or cut to pieces on the battlefield – it`s all the same for the one who ﴾ **And of mankind is he who would sell himself, seeking the Pleasure of Allah. And Allah is Full of kindness to (His) slaves** ﴿ (2:207) and the one that knows that ﴾ **Indeed, Allah has purchased from the believers their lives and their properties [in exchange] for that they will have Paradise. They fight in the cause of Allah, so they kill and are killed. [It is] a true promise [binding] upon Him in the Torah and the Gospel and the Qur`an. And who is truer to his covenant than Allah? So rejoice in your transaction which you have contracted. And it is that which is the great attainment.** ﴿ (9:111) for he is happy with his transaction like the Companions at `Aqabah, and therefor eagerly accepts whatever Allah has decreed for his/her soul in this short and transient life.
I remember the lesson I learnt all those years ago – as one man is beginning his sentence, another is finishing his. And such is life.

I once knew that sweet fragrance that emanated from the prison walls, that fragrance of faith. But it is as if I have forgotten the true sweetness of those days and years, and now I cannot help but hope and wish that Allah frees my brothers and sisters like He freed me, despite my not knowing whether they are in a better place now than they might be if they were `free`. My mind wanders back to the words of Shiekh al-Islam ibn Taymiyyah when he uttered those famous words, heavier than the mountains and worth more than them in gold: "What can my enemies do to me? My Paradise is with me inside my chest; it goes with me wherever I go. If they imprison me, then it is seclusion with my Lord. If they exile me, then it is a journeying (to contemplate) in the creation of Allah. And if they execute me, then it is martyrdom in the cause of Allah. So what can my enemies do to me?"



To all of our brothers and sisters in captivity, reflect on these short words and on the statement of the Messenger of Allah ﷺ: "Amazing is the situation of the believer..." Here, I trust that you come to realise how truly fortunate you are and that Allah has favoured you over much of His creation. So compete in patience and hold fast onto this exalted path – the path that was trodden before you by Prophets of Allah, not to mention the countless scholars, callers to Allah, righteous, and Mujahideen throughout the years. Therefor I warn you against viewing your situation as an affliction, but rather you should see it as a blessing and a favour from your Sustainer, the All-Wise. And for those that long for Jihad and Ribat in the cause of Allah, remember that yesterday I was with you, and tomorrow you will be with me if Allah gives us long lives, and then the day after that we will all meet our Creator and will be fully recompensed for that which we earned. To the rest of our brothers and sisters, if you can find a way beg our brothers and sisters in the prisons around the world to remember us in their supplications, for it may be that Allah will send down His victory upon the Mujahideen because of such people supplicating for them. The Prophet ﷺ said, "Fear the du`a of he who has been wronged, for verily it ascends to the skies faster than sparks (of light)." (Al-Hakim)

We must also remind ourselves (constantly) that what is upon the shoulders of the `free` is heavier than what is upon the shoulders of the `imprisoned`. Allah says: ﴾ **"And what is the matter with you that you fight not in the cause of Allah and for the oppressed among men, women, and children who say, "Our Lord, take us out of this city of oppressive people and appoint for us from Yourself a protector and appoint for us from Yourself a helper"?"** ﴿ The Messenger of Allah ﷺ said: "Free the Prisoners Of War..." (Bukhari) And Imam Abu Bakr bin al-`Arabi says when speaking about the imprisoned Muslims in the prisons of the kuffar: "... if the Muslims are oppressed. In that case we need to secure their release until not a single eye among us blinks (even if we all die) or we spend all of our wealth in the process." (Mashari Al-Ashwaq Ila Masari Al-Ushaaq, [English translation] p.125)
I ask Allah that these few scattered thoughts brighten the days of some of our brothers and sisters, and bring smiles to the faces of those who say that, "Our Lord is Allah!" not fearing the blame of the blamers. ﴾ **..."Our Lord, pour upon us patience and plant firmly our feet and give us victory over the disbelieving people."** ﴿ (2:250)



JIHAD A LIFE TIME

ABU MUGHEERA AL BRITANI-JOURNEY TO GUANTANAMO

I was quickly losing hope. I couldn't make it. Apart from being faint due to hunger, I was exhausted. The sound of the fighter jets overhead was terrifying. I couldn't breathe; the high altitude leaving me gasping for oxygen. I was in my early twenties and nothing I had ever experienced even came close to this. I was staring death in the face. There was no food to quell my pangs of hunger, no water to quench my thirst and nothing to rekindle my spirit. I looked on in anguish at the others climbing up the mountain and cried. Yes, I cried.

The mountain was too steep, the path very narrow, only 50cm wide, a gushing torrent of water on the right and a terrifying sheer drop to the left. Snow and ice made the trek precarious. It was bitterly cold, the icy wind sliced through to the bone. Our visibility had been reduced to only a few metres by the dense fog. One faltering step would lead you to a dreadful end, swept away by the current, crushed by the rocks below or worse still; left behind to freeze and starve to death. Some had already met their end. But we had to carry on.

It was two and a half months into the US invasion and NATO bombing campaign in Afghanistan. Over twenty-four hours had passed since my group of ten brothers had been given the order to leave Tora Bora and escape. We had joined up with a group of 300 for this perilous journey over the mountains, through the snow and the fog. Only a few days were left for Eid al-Fitr, we should have crossed the border to Pakistan by then.

Five members of the group had already been lost. We had been warned at the start by the guide to keep close and follow every step. Those who couldn't walk or stopped to rest would be left behind to their certain death. There was no hope of assistance from anyone if you couldn't carry on. Every man must fend for himself.

I fell to the ground, exhausted, in need of a rest and looked on. The sight of the other brothers quickly disappearing into the mist brought me to my senses. I released my grip on the gun, letting it fall to the ground. My rucksack, which contained everything I owned, military vest and coat, followed suit. I felt lighter and with a final burst of energy I hastened to catch-up with the main group. There was still some life in me yet.

We reached the peak of the mountain at sunset on the second day and started our descent. It was a moonless night and the path was fraught with danger, steep declines, stepping-stones, and slippery due to the ice. The group travelled wordlessly, utilising every atom of energy to press on.

At twilight, the silence was finally broken by a shout from the guide, "We are now at the border, we are reaching the end of the road and will soon be in Pakistani territory." The *news was revitalising. As the sun rose above the horizon, we approached a village. The villagers, clean-shaven men wearing traditional Pakistani dress, came to greet us. We were overjoyed.*

> **"ON BEING ASKED WHY WE HAD COME TO THIS VILLAGE, WE, FRANKLY REPLIED THAT WE ARE MUJAHIDEEN. THE ARMY OFFICER SMILED WARMLY, "WE LOVE YOU FOR THE SAKE OF ALLAH," HE DECLARED. "WE ARE IN YOUR SERVICE"**

*Feeling rejuvenated, I remembered what we had been told before leaving Tora Bora. We had been assured that there was communication with people on all the roads lead*ing to Pakistan who would be waiting for us. They had been given money to transport us to Lahore and then help us catch a flight back to our home country. I felt at ease, safe and secure for the first time in days.

The welcome party ushered us to a sizeable room in the middle of the village. We were beckoned to sit down, as they set about making us feel comfortable. A fire was lit to heat up the room. We were served doodh patti (Pakistani milk tea) and sweets. I headed straight to the fire. It was early January and travelling in the bitter cold of midwinter had left us yearning for warmth. I sat next to the fire for the best part of an hour warming my hands and feet. A dull, burning pain soon replaced the feeling of cold in my hands and they became stiff. I couldn't move them, not even to undo a button. Later on, I discovered that this was caused by first-degree frostbite. My hands remained like this for 3 months.

Two hours later there was a knock on the door, and some Pakistani army officers entered the room. As they spoke English, I translated for our Amir (leader) into Arabic and vice versa. On being asked why we had come to this village, we, frankly, replied that we are mujahideen. The army officer smiled warmly, "We love you for the sake of Allah," he declared. "We are in your service, we shall slaughter a sheep for you." They allocated us to different houses in the village, a group of eight in each house. After unwinding and satisfying our stomachs, we settled down to rest.

Following a good night's sleep, we were brought breakfast by our generous hosts. They called a nurse to attend to my hands, which felt as though they were burning in flames. I was given painkillers to reduce the agony. The army officer informed our Amir that we could not travel in Pakistan with our weapons and so we must hand them in. Those who had retained their weapons on the journey now handed them all over. For lunch, we were served meat and brown rice, which we ate gratefully.

Later, the army returned. They informed us of the next stage of our journey. We would be handed over to another group of soldiers, who would take us to our respective embassies where we would be assisted to return home. We were elated on hearing this news. Our group jumped on to the pickup thrilled with the prospect of being reunited with our families.

Betrayal



The journey in the back of the pickup took more than four hours. Eventually, we reached our destination. I descended from the car and headed towards the building. The new group searched us before we entered, "Just to make sure you haven't forgotten any weapons," they said. As they lead us to our quarters, I saw brothers I hadn't seen since we had been split up in the village. On entering the room, I looked around. The walls were eight metres high. There were a number of us enclosed by metal bars. Nearby enclosures contained other groups of brothers. They were not hosting us in rooms; we had been incarcerated in cells. This was a prison! We had been betrayed!

At a later date, I realised that this had all been planned from the start; the pretentious assistance, giving us a false sense of security, splitting us up, disarming us, concealment of their weapons and transferring us to the prison. What made it worse was that we had been convinced by it. Despite many opportunities to escape, we did not. We had trusted them wholly, with our lives. The pain of betrayal was absolute.

The beardless guards sat around smoking. Milk tea was provided at 9am the next morning, thereafter, we were escorted to 3 coaches. They took us one-by-one, training their Kalashnikov's on us all the while. One hundred brothers were placed in each coach. As we sat together in the coach, we discussed our predicament and the odds of what the future may hold, but we were all at a loss. No one knew what was to come.

I was in the first coach. As we entered the next village, I saw a sign that filled me with dismay. The signpost read 'Ya Ali' (Oh Ali). We were in Shia territory. Not far down the road, the coach came to a sudden stop. The soldiers announced that, as the third coach had run into trouble and broken down, there was a change of plan. Rather than continue with the planned four-hour journey, the coach came to a halt outside a police station in the next village after only half an hour. We were to wait here until the issue with the third coach had been resolved.

The soldiers quickly shepherded us to the local pris-

on. It was here that the treatment changed and the reality of our plight dawned on us. As we entered the detention centre they began to beat us like animals. Gun butts, belts, sticks, punches and kicks rained down on us from all directions. Battered and bruised, we were locked into the cells.

The room had bare grey walls of stone. There was no toilet, no mattress, no food, nothing. If you asked for anything they would shout at you and lash out. Terrified, I didn't move or make a sound. Yesterday's pleasant meal of rice and meat was now a distant memory.
Some time later, those who had been on the third coach began to arrive. Most of them were Tunisians and Algerians. A few were thrown into the cell with me and I asked them what caused the delay. They related to me the chain of events that had unfolded after the third coach set out.

The brothers on the third coach considered their options and decided to plan an escape. They set upon the 10 soldiers on the bus and disarmed them, taking possession of their weapons. As they stepped off the bus they were faced with two possibilities; either they would find somebody to help them escape or the local Shia residents would recapture them. Just as they began to run, gunfire erupted.

Soldiers from on top of the coach had opened fire. Those who were armed engaged the soldiers while the others hastened to escape. Several brothers were killed in the shootout but the majority managed to get away. However, they were in unknown territory and had no guide. Before long, the villagers had rounded up all the escapees and handed them over to the army. They were brought to the prison where we were being held. Thus, their attempt to break free came to no avail. This was the incident of the 'broken-down' third coach.

We stayed there for the night. At the break of day, the soldiers came. We were carried off in groups of six. They roughly bound my hands behind my back with a cable and tied them to my feet. The five others were bound in the same way. We were then lashed together with a cable and blindfolded. They loaded us into trucks and the harrowing journey began.

"NO, IT WAS NOT THE UN WHO INTERROGATED US AND TOOK OUR PHOTOS, IT IS THE AMERICANS. WE WILL NEVER BE LET FREE,"

It was 9am when we left the village. We crouched in the back of the truck on our knees, bound together, bones jarring with every bump. It was impossible to move, any attempt to do so would be met with a resounding slap across the face. As time passed, I began to yearn for something to eat, drink or even moisten my lips. But, there was no water or food. It was impossible to even contemplate stopping to relieve oneself. The stench of soiled clothing was overpowering, as was the thirst, hunger and excruciating pain.

We did not come to a standstill until some fourteen hours later at 11pm. It had been a woeful journey. They dragged us off the trucks into a complex. It was a military prison. I was placed in a cage, my hands and feet shackled together. I glanced around, up and down. I saw all the brothers, also shackled and confined in groups to cages. It reminded me of when I used to view the animals in the zoo with my family. Only, this time I was on the other side of the wire mesh.

On the 17th day of our detention the Pakistani soldiers brought news. "UN officers are here to speak to you and take you to your country." Brothers were taken individually from the cells and returned. In due course, my turn came. I was taken to a room. In front of me was a woman. She spoke English with an American accent. But I will never forget her eyes. They were full of pure evil, I felt as though she longed to kill me.

When I returned to the cell, I found my companions discussing earnestly. "Do you think we will be going back home?" the brothers asked one another. "No, it was not the UN who interrogated us and took our photos, it is the Americans. We will never be let free," I told them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

"The case of Usama (RA) is not the matter of one man, rather it is a matter of the honor of Islam!"

"If you surrender Usama, then tomorrow you will surrender me"

Mullah Muhammad Umar (RA)

·obamanation



INSIGNIFICANT
MATTERS
SEEM
COMPLICATED
TO PEOPLE
WHO ARE
INSIGNIFICANT,
YET LOFTY
MATTERS
SEEM
TRIVIAL
IN THE EYES
OF LOFTY MEN

BILAD AL HIJRATAYN

INTERVIEW WITH ABU BUSHRA AL BIRITANI - MUJAHID FROM AL QAEDA'S AL SHABAAB

Far from Shaam but close to our hearts is Harakat al-Shabaab al-Mujahideen, the brave men who have carried the banner of jihad in Bilad al-Hijratayn for nearly a decade, and impressed upon the Ummah the meanings of bravery, heroism, and fighting spirit against the enemies of Allah. Al Risalah Magazine is proud to present an interview with one of its heroes, Abu Bushra, a Mujahid from the United Kingdom who broke free from the shackles of ignorance and materialism imposed by the West, and traveled to Somalia to fulfill his obligation of jihad in the Way of Allah. His story is an inspiration, underscoring the brotherhood among the faithful Mujahideen, their patience amidst adversity, and their courage in the heat of battle.

Can you please share with us your background?
Abu Bushra, a muhajir from London.

Though many Muslims try to ignore it, and others are lured away from it, Jihad is fard al-'ayn in our time. What inspired you to join the Mujahideen?
I begin in the name of Allah and may peace and blessings be upon the Noble Messenger who was sent with the sword as a mercy to all mankind. I was, like most of the youth in the West, submerged in a sea of ignorance, besieged by the ills of Western decadence and guided not by the teachings of the Qur'an and the Sunnah of our prophet ﷺ but by whims and desires. I lived in a land where materials were worshiped instead of Allah; a land where the notion of a bipolarized world consisting of Darul Islam and Darul Harb was, through years of inculcation and inter-faith education, completely wiped out from the minds of Muslim youth, so much so that they began to see themselves not as Muslims but as British, French, American, etc and developed a lasting attachment to both the land they lived in and the people they lived with. It was in such an environment – an environment where any traces of Al Walal Wal Baraa were virtually non-existent - that I spent a portion of my life, unaware that Allah had created me for a purpose far nobler than mingling with those who had brazenly disbelieved in Him and rejected His Law.

The attacks of September 2001, however, were a wake-up call for all Muslims, including myself, and the subsequent attacks against the Muslims in Afghanistan and Iraq served as a reminder of the level of hatred harboured by the disbelievers against Islam and Muslims. Slowly but gradually, I began to attend study circles with a group of close friends, studying the books of Sheikh Abdullah Azzam in secret (since most mosques were monitored) and the powerful lectures of Sheikh Anwar Al-Awlaki.
Of course, the Murji'ah in the area and the intelligence agencies were becoming quite agitated at the number of youth attending study circles, discussing the issues of Jihad and studying the notion of defense of Muslim lands. Working together to counter this, the Murji'ah began regular lessons in the mosques to combat the growing Jihadi ideology or 'de-radicalize' the youth as they would call it, while the intelligence agencies began to conduct regular surveillance on the brothers. But simply learning about Jihad was one thing and practicing Jihad is another and when I learned of the terrible torment awaiting those who abandon this great act of worship, particularly at a time when it is Fard 'Ayn, I decided to make Hijra. When Allah opened for me a route to Somalia, I packed my belongings and headed straight for the airport.

Did Allah SWT make Hijrah easy for you?
Alhamdullilah Allah made Hijrah easy for me and I did not have any particular problems entering the country but I know some brothers who walked for hundreds of miles in order to reach the land of Jihad. Some navigated their way through a dozen or so countries, while others spent months trekking through the thick forests until they made it safely to the Islamic Wilaayaat. The main thing is to be discreet, prepare and plan properly. After taking all necessary preparations and precautions, put your trust in Allah and embark on your journey, for Allah will not abandon His slave who has set out with no other goal in mind except to raise the Word of Allah. Allah is solely in control of all affairs and He will deliver you safely to the land of Jihad.

Before you arrived in Somalia, what were your expectations? Was what you found there different than what you expected? How so?
There is a level of uncertainty involved, of course, for anyone who embarks on such a journey of Jihad, but Alhamdullilah Allah made it easy for me. I've met a few brothers, however, whose expectations were quite different from mine.

I asked one Muhajir brother 'what were your expectations when you were coming to Somalia?'. And this is after 6 years of his Hijra. He looked at me and smiled, as if gathering the memories of his Hijra journey. 'Wallahi,' he said with a smile, 'I never expected to live this long. I even threw away my phone during the journey because I thought that there would be no electricity in Somalia so carrying a phone would be pointless.' Many of the early Muhajireen brothers had similar expectations, mainly because the media often portrayed Somalia as the 'most dangerous place in the world' and because of the decades-long civil war that engulfed much of the country.

But this is the sort of reply - I never expected to live this long – which many Muhajireen brothers would give to this question. Because we've been so accustomed to reading about the virtues of Shahada in our pre-Hijra days, it's been our firm belief that we would get Shahada soon after reaching the land of Jihad or even on our first battle. Our hearts were deeply attached to the notion of Shahada – partly because of the sheer magnitude of the reward and partly to expiate for our sins committed during the Jahilliya days – that it became our priority. To work for the future of Islam and establish for it a solid foundation was also a great part of the objective, but in the initial days of Hijra, Shahada was the main concern of many Muhajireen brothers. Only after a few years of active duty in Jihad does one realize that while Shahada is a noble aim to be sought in its own right, it is not the most important objective and that the ultimate objective is to establish the religion of Allah upon every inch of this earth so that the Kalima of Allah reigns supreme above all others and He alone is worshiped without any partners.

The dear brothers in Harakat al-Shabaab al-Mujahideen are among the most battle-hardened Mujahideen on any front, constantly under the threat of drones, and fearlessly fighting the Crusader AMISOM forces and Somali apostates. Were you thrust into the battlefield to join them, or were you sufficiently trained in their camps?

Alhamdullilah, when I came to Somalia I was received warmly by the brothers and taken to a temporary residence. Naturally, the first thing every Muhajir desires to do when he comes to the land of Jihad is to get a gun and start shooting. I knew that I had to attend a training camp and was all too eager to depart immediately but the brothers had to make certain arrangements. When all arrangements were made, I joined dozens of other Muhajireen and Ansar in an initial training camp which lasted nearly 4 months. More advanced military training courses are usually held upon the completion of the basic training phase and thereafter it's time to face the disbelievers in one of the many battlefronts.
And, by Allah, it's only when you graduate from the training camps that you come to fully realize the potential of the Muslim. From the moment you graduate and are ready to fire your first bullet at the Kuffar, you are suddenly filled with a deep sense of honour and a blaze of glory envelopes you. You are a Mujahid; a soldier among the soldiers of Allah, defending the sanctities of Islam and the honour of Muslims. You are now part of a 1400-year struggle against the forces of falsehood and a continuation of the legacy of the greatest man who walked the surface of the earth:
Muhammad ﷺ.
You now have a purpose in life and live for a great cause. It's only then that you begin to realize the amount of time and energy you have wasted in the past and that you could have used to give victory to the religion of Allah.

You regret every moment you wasted in the lands of Kufr and wish to return; not to relive the shameful Jahili days of your past but to act as a beacon of truth amidst the people of falsehood and to exact revenge on the disbelieving Kuffar for the atrocities they continue to commit against the Muslim Ummah. You begin to better comprehend the verses of the Qur'an and realize, with concrete certainty, that the Muslim is only honourable when he has the correct Aqeedah and is armed. Without these, he will live like a coward, weak and humiliated in the face of the arrogant Kafir. Remember the words of Umar (Radiya-llaahu 'Anhu) when he said "we are a nation whom Allah has honoured through Islam." Well, now we understand what he meant. All praise is due to Allah for making us understand that the 'Izza of the Muslim is attained through Jihad.

As for our brothers at Harakat Al-Shabaab Al-Mujahideen, not only have they trained us and prepared us, but Allah is our witness when we say that they dealt with us in the most noblest of manner. One cannot possibly compensate them in this world for such enduring hospitality, but we ask Allah to reward them abundantly in the hereafter. It is easy these days to find people who would belittle the efforts of the Mujahideen in Somalia. Perhaps it's the undying patience and forbearing nature of the Mujahideen in Somalia that every lowly grump sticks his tongue out at them but, by Allah, they are men of war; men who are – through their meager resources - waging a fierce war against a coalition of crusaders from multiple fronts. Only a degenerate Munafiq, a disillusioned Mukhathil or a disgruntled Murjif would belittle the Ansar of Somalia who have opened their hearts - before their homes - to the Muhajireen of Somalia.



"MAY OUR MOTHERS BE BEREAVED OF US SHOULD WE SIT BE HIND AND WATCH AS YOU CONTINUE TO MASSACRE OUR MUSLIM BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN PALESTINE AND BOMBARD MUSLIM TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

What is your message to the Muslims who sit in their homes away from Jihad and do not offer support to the Mujahideen?
My message to them is to fear Allah, first and foremost. Know, my dear brothers, that the declaration of faith is not merely confined to the utterance of the tongue and a few actions of the limbs. Know that Allah created you for a purpose: that is to worship Him alone without any partners and know that the pinnacle of Islam is Jihad. Jihad is an act of worship like no other!
The Messenger of Allah ﷺ said, *"Allah has guaranteed the Mujahid, who leaves from his home with no purpose but to fight in the cause of Allah and believing in Allah's words, Allah has guaranteed for him either to enter him into Paradise or to return him home with reward or booty"* [Bukhari/Muslim]

The Messenger of Allah ﷺ also said: *"Whoever fights in the cause of Allah the time it takes to milk a camel is granted Paradise"* [Ahmad, Abu Dawud]

Subhanallah! Do you know how long it takes to milk a camel? Not more than 20 minutes! Imagine, my brothers. You fight for the sake of Allah for less than half an hour and Allah has guaranteed you Jannah.

Dear brothers, what is it that is so dear to you that it is holding you back from giving victory to Allah and His Messenger ﷺ. Is it your parents and family relations? Is it your wife and children? Is it your wealth? If any of these things are holding you back from practicing the obligation of Jihad, then know that Allah has said:
Say [O Muhammad], "If your fathers, your sons, your brothers, your wives, your relatives, wealth which you have obtained, commerce wherein you fear decline, and dwellings with which you are pleased, are more beloved to you than Allah and His Messenger and Jihad in His cause then wait until Allah executes His command. And Allah does not guide the defiantly disobedient people"
[At-Tawbah, 24]

Ponder over the above verse deeply and decide upon which path you want to take. Or perhaps it is the fear of death that is holding you back? If it is so, then know that every soul shall taste death but the Mujahid, by Allah's blessing, will not feel the pain of death except as one of us feels a mosquito bite. Also, bear in mind that every soul has an appointed time to depart from this life into the next. Nothing can hasten that appointed time or delay it. Marching forth in the ranks of the Mujahideen does not hasten death nor does holding back from Jihad delay it. How many have we seen who turned away from Jihad and died on their beds or by accidents! And how many Mujahideen fighters have we seen who participated in a countless number of battles, plunging into the heart of every battle as bullets whizzed past them and mortars rained down on them, yet have never sustained any major injury. Know, my dear brothers, that if you abandon Jihad, Allah will send upon you humiliation that will not be dispelled from you until you return to your religion, i.e. Jihad. Or perhaps you have accumulated a mountain of sins that you have yet to repent from? If so then bear glad tidings, for Jihad is your door towards repentance. With the first drop of blood, Allah will forgive all the sins of the Martyr. Jihad is a transaction with Allah – a transaction in which success is guaranteed.

Allah says: *"O you who have believed shall I guide you to a transaction that will save you from a painful punishment? [It is that] you believe in Allah and His Messenger and strive in the cause of Allah with your wealth and your lives. That is best for you, if you should but know. He [Allah] will forgive you your sins and admit you to gardens beneath which rivers flow and pleasant dwellings in gardens of perpetual residence. That is the great attainment."* [As-Saff, 10 – 12]

And if you fail to heed the call of Allah, then know that the torment of the fire is severe. Know that Allah will hold you to account for every second of your existence on this universe. Allah will question you regarding the Muslims who are killed by the crusaders on a daily basis, the chaste Muslim sisters whose honour is violated by the crusaders and their apostate allies, the desecration of the Holy Qur'an by the disbelievers. Allah will ask you regarding the Muslim prisoners who are subjected to the most humiliating conditions in the prisons of the crusaders. What did you do to secure their release? What would your reply be when Allah admonishes you and reminds you of the blessing He has bestowed upon you – your health, wealth, provisions, long life, etc – and asks you "O' My slave! What did you do with these blessings?" Where were you when your sisters were being raped in prisons or when your brothers were placed in shackles? What would your reply be then? Make sure you prepare the answers to these questions from now and prepare to be rewarded accordingly.

My brothers, I remind you of the Hadith of the Prophet ﷺ when he said: *"The similitude of the Believers in their mutual love, mercy and compassion is like that of a single body; if one part of the body aches, then all the body responds with sleeplessness and fever."* [Sahih Muslim]

Are you not part of this body? Do you not feel the pain when a part of this body aches. Wake up from your slumber, Akhi, and prepare for a journey towards the hereafter. And know that the preliminary step of this journey is Hijra.

What do you say to the Western governments that fight Allah and His Messenger ﷺ and the Muslims? Do you have words to direct to the country from which you came?

To the Western governments that are waging war against Allah, His Messenger ﷺ and the pious believers I say thus: *"Verily, we are free from you and whatever you worship besides Allah. We have disbelieved in you, and there has started between us and you hostility and hatred forever until you believe in Allah Alone."* [Al-Mumtahana, 4]

Do not be deceived by your numerical superiority or military might, for by Allah we do not fight with men or weapons but with Tawheed and the firm conviction that Allah will support his righteous slaves despite the odds. We have not conquered the thrones of Kisra and Qaysar with sheer numbers but with a faith that can move mountains. So devise your plots, prepare your jets, muster all your forces and leave no man behind, for, by Allah, you will never be able to harm the Muslim Ummah and its Mujahideen vanguards except with what Allah has Willed and you will eventually suffer a humiliating defeat. We do not say to you except what our Noble Messenger and leader ﷺ said to your forefathers of the Quraish: *"By the One Whose Hand Muhammad's soul is in, I have come to you with slaughter!"*

And because there is a dark cloud of disbelief obscuring your hearts, you will never be able to clearly understand what drives many young Muslim men from the comfort of their homes in the West to the lands of Jihad. Our motives and goals transcend the material world that you worship and the perverse ideals that you ascribe to and the preservation of our ideology [Tawheed] is of a higher priority than everything else in this world. We will fight against you with everything that we posses and Allah will punish you by our hands, disgrace you and give us victory over you, for that is the promise of Allah: "Fight against them so that Allah will punish them by your hands and disgrace them and give you victory over them and heal the breasts of a believing people."

We will wage war against you until we deliver whoever Allah wills out of the worship of the created to the worship of the Creator and from the injustice of man-made religions to the justice of Islam and until no one is left in this entire world except a Muslim who submits to the Law of Allah or a Musalim who submits to the authority of the Muslims and pays Jizya while in a state of submissiveness and humiliation.

May our mothers be bereaved of us should we sit behind and watch as you continue to massacre our Muslim brothers and sisters in Palestine and bombard Muslim towns and villages.




ALRISALAH



HAS THE TIME NOT COME

As preparations for Tabook were underway, a little boy stood to one side, observing everything closely. His eyebrows rose in astonishment as he saw a man selling his bed to buy an animal for the arduous journey. A little while later, he observed women selling their jewellery to fund the battle. But what touched him the most was the sight of men who approached the Prophet ﷺ asking for an animal to ride into battle and then turning away with tears in their eyes when they were told that there were no mounts left. The little boy, Umayr bin Sa'ad (radhiyallaahu anhu), returned home, his mind filled with these images...

The Muslim world has been in turmoil since the fall of the khilafah in the time of Sultan Abdul Hamid Khan, but most especially over the last few years. Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan, Somalia, Chechnya, etc have seen the infiltration of the enemy into Muslim lands and the oppression of the ummah in a way that has never occurred before. We have seen our fathers killed, our mothers raped, our sisters injured and our sons maimed. Yet, all these atrocities seem to have no effect on our conscience. We continue to watch from afar and live our luxurious lives unwittingly supporting the disbelievers.

Aisha (radhiyallaahu anhaa) stated: "if the first thing revealed in the Qur'an was 'do not drink', the people would have said 'by Allah, we will not leave wine' and if the first thing revealed in the Qur'an was 'do not commit fornication and adultery', the people would have said 'by Allah, we will not stop fornication and adultery' but the first thing that was revealed of the Qur'an was the suwar al mufassal (the short abridged chapters) in which there is mention of Paradise and Hell-fire until, when the hearts became attached to their Lord, the permissible and forbidden were revealed."

Are these not the first chapters that we learn as children or on becoming Muslims? How is it that these surahs (chapters) could affect the companions of the Prophet ﷺ to such an extent that they would instantly practice on laws thereafter, yet we listen and recite these verses daily without them having any impact on our imaan? How is it that after learning of the virtues of jihad and the warning to those who stay behind, we can sit back and support the economy and social standing of the very enemy that our Muslim brothers and sisters are being oppressed by?

Have we ever just sat and pondered as to how we will answer Allah on the Day of Reckoning when He asks us what we did to prevent the oppression of the ummah? Will we reply by saying that we were stuck in our countries in the west, too weak to go anywhere? Is this not the same reply given by those Muslims who refused to migrate from Makkah when the command was given? Allah discusses their conversation with the Angel of death and his reply: *"was the land of Allah not vast enough for you to migrate in it?"* What will our response be then, o Ummah?

We use the excuse of being watched by the enemy of Allah and our passports being flagged. Do we not have trust in Allah? Did Prophet Muhammad ﷺ not leave Makkah and migrate to Madinah under the very eyes of the disbelievers while Allah blinded them? By Allah, I have seen brothers cross the border, passing under the very noses of the army while reciting the duaa of the Prophet ﷺ which he recited on leaving Makkah and Allah blinded the eyes of the army to them! What is your excuse, o my brother?

HAS THE TIME NOT COME?

I ask you, o Doctor: are your services not better spent in patching the leg of that child who lost his limb in a barrel bomb in Aleppo rather than prescribing medication for an Islamophobe with flu in your country? I ask you, o Electrician: is it not better for you to be a means of providing light to those who guard the borders of the Muslim lands rather than ensuring the continuous communication of the enemy who seek to eavesdrop on the conversations of your Muslim brothers? I ask you, o Teacher: is it not better for you to educate someone who will use his knowledge to contribute to the cause of Islam rather than passing it on to someone who will use it to attack your Muslim brothers and sisters? I ask you, o Engineer: is it not better to use your services to better the machinery of the Muslim nation rather than assisting the enemy in advancing theirs?

I ask you, o citizen of the west: how long will you continue to be a means of benefit to the enemy of Islam while the Muslim ummah needs your services? How long will you allow your Muslim brothers and sisters to be operated on by nurses acting as surgeons? How long will you allow your sons and daughters to be taught in schools by unqualified individuals substituting teachers? How long will you contribute to the social and economic welfare of that same country who will happily hang you for terrorism should you show any inclination towards the deen of Allah? Do not fool yourself into thinking that there will be a place for you in the society of disbelievers. The time draws closer when they will force you to choose: Islam or your country. Remember that Islam can be practiced anywhere and the ummah needs you...don't disappoint them.

Ibn Hawalah al-Azdi (radhiyallaahu anhu) narrates that Allah`s Messenger ﷺ said: *"The matter will run its course until you become several armies: an army in Shaam, an army in Yemen, and an army in Iraq". Ibn Hawalah (radhiyallaahu anhu) said, "Choose for me, O Allah`s Messenger, in case I live to see that". He responded, "Go to Shaam, for it is the best of lands of Allah, and the best of His slaves will be drawn there. And if you don't, then go to Yemen and drink from its streams. For Allah has guaranteed me that He will look after Shaam and its people.*

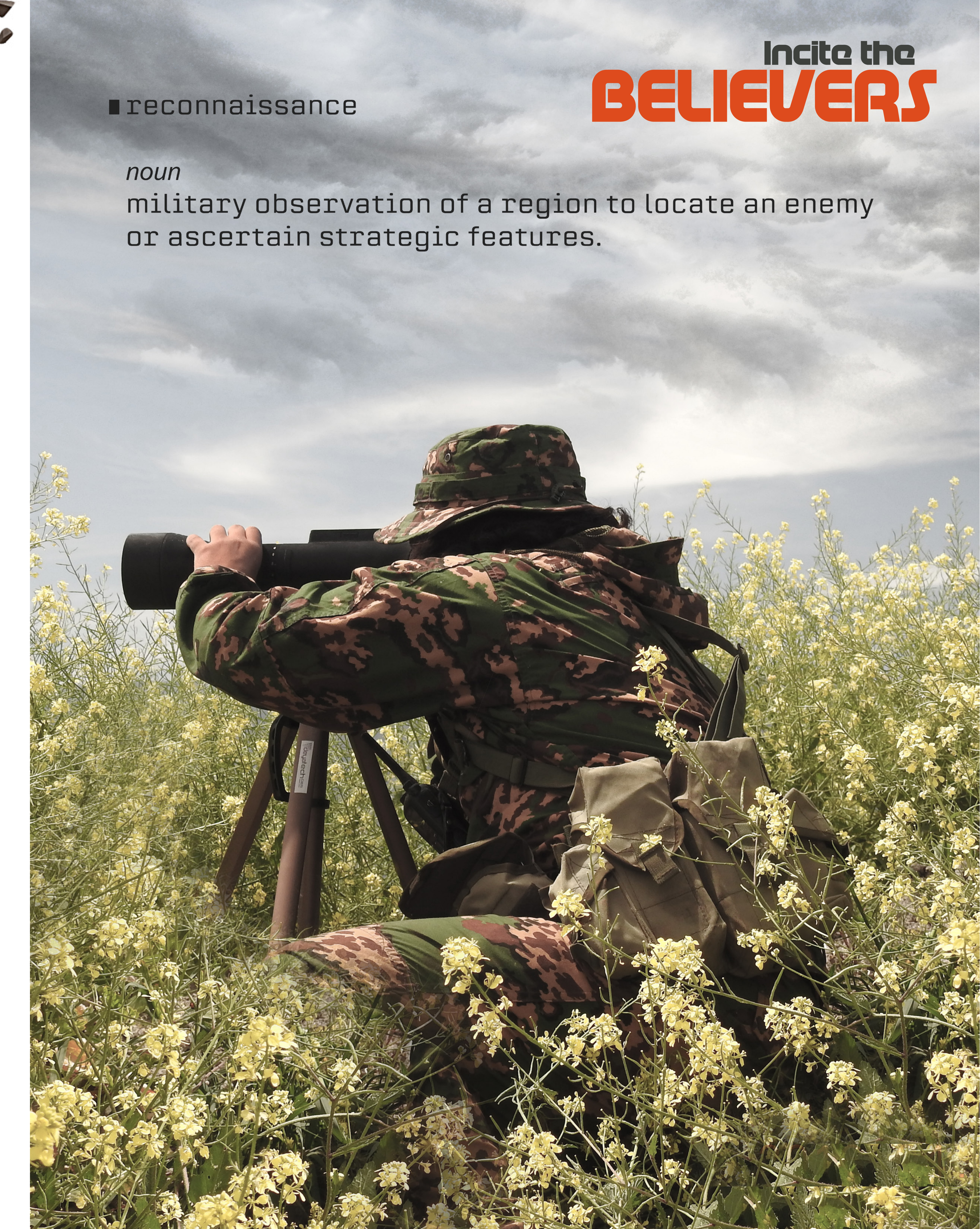
The Prophet ﷺ has also told us that the Muslims and Al-Rum are going to fight a common enemy. We can never be certain that this is the time, but it wouldn't be strange if it is. We see Russia, China, Iran, Cuba etc, all gathering on one side and the Muslims and the West on another side in the Syrian conflict. The same narration has told us that after we defeat this common enemy, Al-Rum will betray the Muslims and then come underneath eighty banners to fight us and the great wars will start. Although the West, in their arrogance, think that they are insuperable and the biggest plotters, they should be sure that these wars are going to end with a big war in Shaam where they will be crushed by the Muslims.

O my sincere brothers in the west, don't let the fake face of the west deceive you. Run away from the life of humiliation and join the ranks of the Mujahideen in Shaam for Allah to choose you to be amongst the best people or the best martyrs.

O the people of the book (Jews and Christians) run to the mercy of The Almighty Lord. He has ruled that Islam is going to rule the World so don't be fooled by the lies and deceit of your politicians. Answer the call of your Creator and you will be rewarded twice.

"Those to whom the scriptures were given before this (Jews and Christians), they do recognize the Truth and believe in this (Qur'an). When it is recited to them they say: "We believe in it, surely this is the Truth from our Rabb: indeed we were Muslims even before this." They are the ones who will be given their reward twice, because they have endured with fortitude, repelling evil with good and giving in charity out of what We have given them". (Surah 28 - Al-Qasas, verse 52-54)

Hasten towards forgiveness and paradise from your Lord and don't be amongst those who lag behind. Your reward is with Allah and He never destroys the reward of those who do good. Ask yourself: Has the time not come?



UTOPIA
SMARTPHONE SECURITY

By KYBERNETIQ



WHO IS REALLY BEHIND THE ATTACK?

There is a new trend amongst the mujahideen which is spreading like a wildfire. Many Military bases, training camps and individuals have been targeted. Are there really spies and assassins behind it?

The latest trend between the mujahideen is to secure their smartphones. However, it unfortunately resembles the safety of an Anti-Virus software, which was never updated after it was installed.

The smartphone is secured using software and hardware procedures. The device is rooted and the actual operating system is changed to an alternative system.

There are many different types of security software that work by faking device information like the IMEI, IMSI, MAC, UUID and other identification fingerprints.

In terms of hardware, anything that doesn't have any use or is dangerous is removed from the smartphone. All antennas, cameras, and microphones are disconnected or removed.

There was a famous instruction video which showed how to remove a hidden GPS tracking device from the smartphone batteries. It quickly turned out to be an NFC chip which is used to charge the smartphone wirelessly.

LURED INTO A SENSE OF FALSE SECURITY

Fundamentally, most of these ideas are not wrong. Many of them are surely a good start against cyber criminals and authorities, but taking out the GPS receiver or GPS tracking device from your smartphone will not protect you from being tracked. Old Smartphones or Mobile devices without any GPS are also not a solution. There are other tracking methods beside GPS tracking.

For example you could be located by triangulation. A silent SMS is sent through your GSM operator and your phone signal is located. IMSI-Catchers intercept your mobile traffic and eavesdrop on your phone calls and messages. All this even before the Sensor Operator of the war drone pulls the trigger.

Even if you were to remove all of these modules, doesn't the wifi device still remain? Would it make sense to have a smartphone without all these modules? That is right, which leads us to the next big problem.

Your smartphone detects cell towers and wi-fi nodes within range, without connecting to any of them. The country code, network code, gsm operator, location area code, MAC address and cell ID are all logged. This data is then sent to Google and is used to calculate your exact location and GPS coordinates, which are in turn, sent back to your device. It is possible to locate your position more accurately if the wi-fi signal power is sent at the same time. This method is more reliable as it works from inside buildings, where there is no GPS or GSM signal.

It is very easy to program an Android application, which searches for wi-fi signals and sends the information to wi-fi location services like Google. To do so you would not even require expensive spying software.

Yet, there is no smartphone on the market which has an open Baseband Module. The attacker can load a corrupt file on to your system and hide it, so no Anti-Virus software or security tool can protect you from it.

WHO IS THE SPY?

Even until now, the brothers have suspicions that there was a spy in the base of the sniper trainer Abu Yusuf Al-Turki rahimahullah, who gave the coordinates of the location away. Possibly, everybody within 50 km knew where to find the base of this noble brother.
Even the Hazm movement knew it well. They were also the first people who came to "help", after the Tomahawk missiles hit the base. The location of the base was not secret, just as the location of Sheikh Abu Firas rahimahullah was not a secret.

In all of these incidents there was never a need for a chip (in arabic: Shariha). Whenever there is a targeted bombing this mystical chip is always seen as the cause. In reality it is the individual himself who was the cause due to his ignorance and lack of discipline in taking adequate safety precautions.

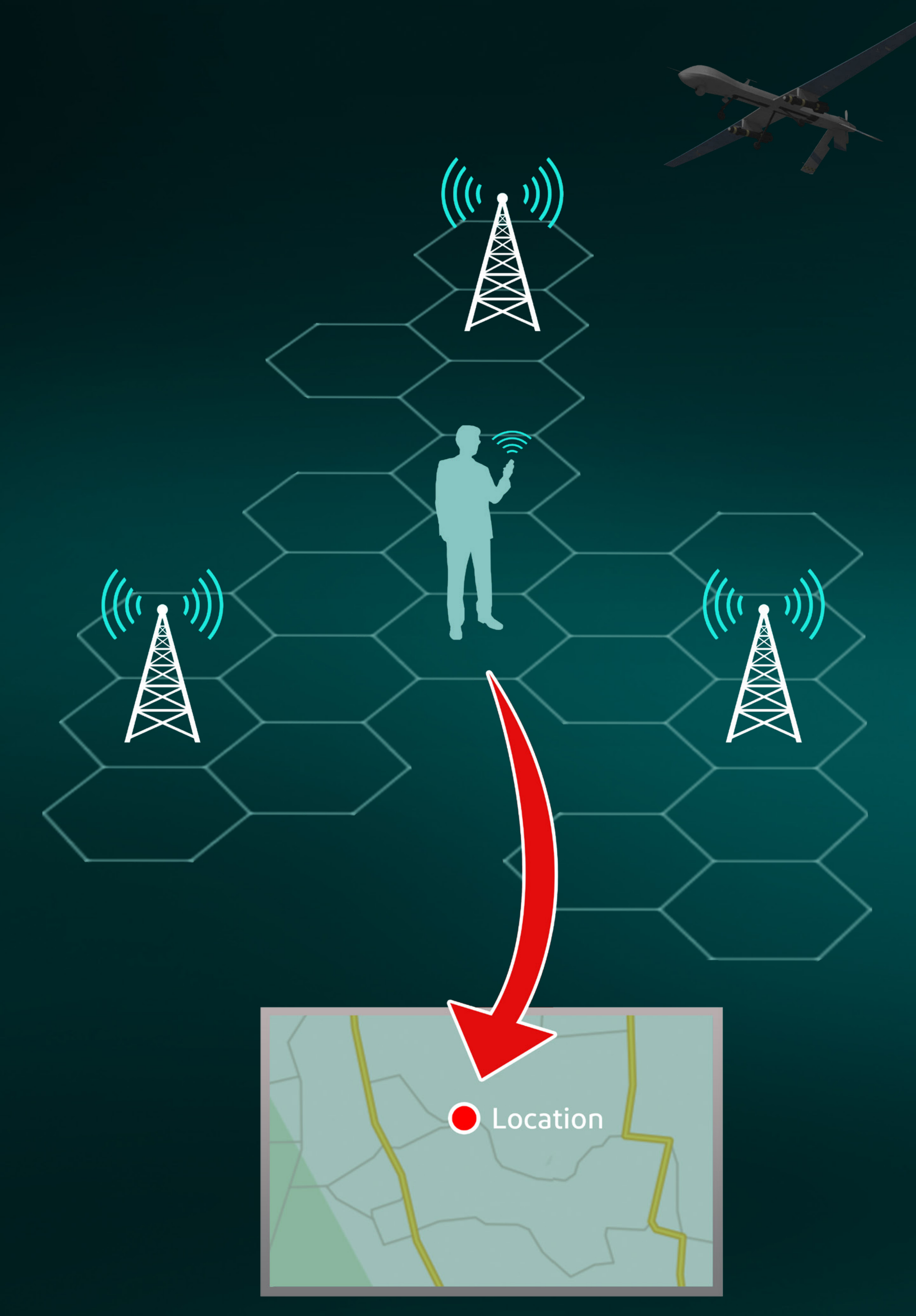
Did anybody come to a conclusion that the name of the spy could be Tooway, Thuraya, Samsung, Hytera Wouxon or TP-Link?

The smartphone is the electronic tag which we put on ourselves. Free yourself and your loved ones from this slavery.

My noble brother, next time you search for a spy, just look in your pocket...

By Kybernetiq

Triangulation





JIHAD
A LIFE TIME
PART 2

That evening we were all taken separately for a change of clothes. They made us remove our Pakistani shalwar qamees (traditional Pakistani dress) and gave us a blue boiler suit to wear alongside plastic slippers. "I know where I am going, I will be spending my time in prisons," I rebuked the Pakistani soldier who led me to the changing room, "I will never forgive you, not even on the day of judgement."

"We can't do anything, our hands are tied," was his reply. Months later, in Guantanamo, whilst looking back on these days, we would laugh and sing: They took us to Guantanamo, and (they said) their hands were tied.
Despite the incarceration and torture, the peace of Allah would descend making us feel at ease and enabling us to compose poetry.

It was now late January. The 18 days spent in the cage had been a living nightmare. There were no urinal facilities or shower and the food was terrible. Indifferent to the wintry conditions, we had been given no bed to sleep in or blankets to shelter us from the cold. The thin Pakistani dress and shackles added to our misery. I had hardly slept for over a fortnight.

Morning arrived, and still in shackles, twenty-five of us were bundled into a big car and led away. The drive to the airport took 45 minutes. This was where I had my second encounter with the American woman. "You shall be boarding a plane in our base. If you say or do anything you will die," she threatened. I was thrown to the floor and searched, roughly. Hands were poking me, prodding me and groping me, in my mouth, nose, eyes and ears.

I was forcibly pulled to my feet. My glasses, which I depend on for my vision, were removed. Cotton balls were placed on my eyes and taped down. A mask was secured around my face and a sack pulled over my head. Earmuffs were clamped onto my ears, my feet were chained together and I was handcuffed behind my back. I felt something being placed around my wrist. Then they took me to a helicopter. My knees and legs were strapped to the floor and arms up on the sides. Was this how animal smugglers transported their goods?

When I was released from Guantanamo, I saw the wristband that they placed on me every time I was transported. It had on it my country of origin and a number, just like a package. We were not humans, treated as mere cargo, no more than numbers.

The night flight lasted one and a half hours. I discovered later on that we had been taken to the US airbase in Kandahar. On descending from the helicopter, we were made to stand. I sensed a cable being secured around my upper arm. I heard a shout, "Run!" and then a sharp pain as the cable tightened around my arm.

My companions, and me, all twenty-five of us, had been tied together with a cable around our upper arms. A soldier would punch the first prisoner and bellow, "Run!" As the brother took off we were compelled to keep pace with him. Someone would fall and the cable would tighten around my arm causing a searing sharp pain. They kept this up for half an hour. The stabbing pain in our arms was unbearable. Weak and fatigued, we dropped to the ground. In reality, they were fearful of us, but they suppressed their fear by tormenting us.

The wintry sun shone feebly as January neared an end. I was thrown onto the concrete. The others dropped in a similar fashion. "DON'T MOVE," screamed the soldier. I lay still, but the majority didn't understand English and struggled. The troops rushed at us, dogs barking in our ears; punched and kicked we were beaten with vengeance. A soldier aimed for my groin but by the grace of Allah, missed. I got off lightly, as I understood English and obeyed their orders. The others were not so lucky.

"THEIR BULGING MUSCLES, GRUESOME TATTOOS AND HARSH DEMEANOUR MADE IT SEEMED LIKE THEY HAD JUST WALKED OUT OF A MOVIE."

It was in Kandahar that the realisation dawned on me that all this was an act of retribution. The Americans were extracting their revenge from us for 9/11. Only, the perpetrators were dead. We had not carried out the attacks. We were paying for someone else's deeds. Was this the American version of justice?

Filled with the fear of what the Americans may have in store for us, I lay there. They left us writhing in our injuries for an hour. I was dragged to my feet by several US servicemen and taken for my first interrogation. They stripped me naked, removed the hood, mask, blindfold and earmuffs. I had been brought to a tent. In front of me were the US interrogators. Their bulging muscles, gruesome tattoos and harsh demeanour made it seem like they had just walked out of a movie.

The interrogation started with the regular questions: "What is your name?" "Where are you from?" Why did you come to Afghanistan?" Where were you based?" "Have you seen or met Osama bin Laden?" I kept on repeating, "If you want to kill me then kill me, but I was simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. I am innocent." This was the routine of every interrogation until my release.

Once they decided that there were no more questions to be asked, they pushed me to the floor, flat on my face. I was kept in this position for extensive periods of time after each interrogation. If the time for Salah approached, permission was not granted to pray nor did they give us water for wudu (ablution). On occasions, I was compelled to pray in the same posture.

Thereafter, they took me to a huge building that resembled a warehouse or hangar. They threw me a blanket to cover my nakedness but no clothes. That day, the Red Cross came. All the detainees were asked for their full name, address and phone number. They asked if we wanted to send a message to our families, we said no. They were Americans and we did not trust them. How could we? My companions and me had been beaten, tortured and maltreated at their hands. When the few who had provided their details received replies from their families, we trusted them with our messages. At the time I contacted my parents, they had not heard from me for six months.



Night came and my heart felt heavy as I fell asleep, not knowing what tomorrow would bring. Suddenly, the silence was shattered by a yell. "GET UP! GET UP! GET UUUP! GET TO THE BACK NOW! ON YOUR KNEES. ON YOUR KNEES." The night was as bright as day as floodlights shone onto the enclosure. What was going on? US marines, men and women stormed into the cell. Dogs snarled and guns were trained on us as we scrambled to the rear. I knelt on my knees and raised my hands above my head as instructed. They unceremoniously searched us, beating some in the process. When we had all been checked, the officer barked at us, "Get up." Then, just as they had arrived, they left.

"IF NOTHING HAPPENED, THERE WAS NOTHING TO TALK ABOUT. AS DISTURBING AS IT MAY SOUND, THAT WAS THE REALITY."

This episode was repeated almost daily until I was transferred. The soldiers arrive in an armoured personnel carrier and silently enter the cage. One of the detainees is on watch to wake the others on the arrival of the troops. But the guards motion to him "Shhh" with their fingers on their lips. Any attempt to warn his companions is met with a punishment. As the floodlights are flashed onto us, they begin to yell. Pushed and shoved, we hasten to the back of the cell, dogs snapping at our heels. Everybody is struck, some more than others. If you are lucky you get off with an abrupt pat down, whilst your brothers receive a beating. Once all have been 'searched', the US army servicemen and women leave.

We anticipated their arrival every night. An uneventful night left us angry and frustrated. This was because there was never anything new to discuss. The topic of the daily conversion would be a recollection of last night's events. Hence, if nothing happened, there was nothing to talk about. As disturbing as it may sound, that was the reality.

The prison was in Kandahar province. Those who are familiar with the area will know that we were in the middle of the desert. The living conditions were dire. Each cage comprised of twenty-five men, sleeping in rows of ten, ten and five, and was open to the elements. A blanket was the sole protection against the hot sun during the day and cold during the night. It was also the only veil with which to hide our state of undress. The sound of fighter jets and warplanes from the nearby airstrip was deafening, day and night.

Not more than 1.5 litres of drinking water was provided daily. It was forbidden to use it to wash after relieving yourself or for wudu. Those who attempted to do so were punished. Showering was totally out of the question. Tayammum was the only option for purity to perform Salah. There was a communal pot in each enclosure that served the purpose of a lavatory and was emptied once every 24 hours. Two army ration packs were provided daily, one at midday and the other in the evening.

My hands were still stiff due to the frostbite. Without painkillers, the burning and throbbing pain would be agonising. I once scraped my hands on the barbed wire surrounding the cage but did not draw blood. I persisted with ruqyah and anaesthetics until my hands were cured.

Some time passed in this way until the dreaded day came. Everybody had wished for it to never arrive. The whole group was taken to a communal shower and ordered to strip. Our first instinct was hesitation. This was the worst kind of humiliation. The soldiers pointed their guns at us, "Remove your clothes now, if you don't I will order them to shoot," the officer threatened us. It was a bereavement to display my loins; I'd rather die than be disgraced in this way.

Five months into my detention I messaged my parents, reassuring them that this was destiny and I was alright, there was no need to worry about me. From the reply, it was obvious they were concerned for my safety and distressed.

I was detained at the US airbase prison in Kandahar for six months. It was six months of torture. We were not allowed to communicate with each other. The guards beat us whenever they felt like it. They only ever used numbers to call the detainees, never their names. The dreadful experience of Kandahar is etched into my memory forever. I shall never forget it.

"FOLLOWING THE MORE OR LESS SIXTEEN-HOUR FLIGHT, WE LANDED AT THE NOTORIOUS PRISON IN GUANTANAMO BAY, CUBA."

On the last day of my imprisonment in Kandahar, I was approached by a US army officer and taken out of the cell. He simply said to me, "You're being transferred." I was made to change into an orange jumpsuit, shackled and blindfolded. They led me to a plane and secured me to the floor. It was just like the flight to Kandahar, only this time the journey was longer and the earmuffs were too tight. The pressure on my ears was painful and they were left ringing for the duration of the entire flight. Despite everything, we did not lose hope in Allah. All our actions were for the sake of Allah and His help was with us all the way.

Following the more or less sixteen-hour flight, we landed at the notorious prison in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. As I descended from the plane, I was searched and stripped. They shaved my hair and my beard. I was led to an open area and sprayed with, what I assume was, some kind of chemical soap. Next, they hosed me down with water. We were being treated like animals.

After our height and weight measurements were recorded a short interrogation ensued. I repeated the same answers as before. "I am innocent, I was just in the wrong place at the wrong time'" I insisted, but it didn't seem to make a difference. Then they marched me to my cell, which was to be my new home for who knew how long?

There were two rows of twenty-four cells facing each other. Each cell was 2m by 1.60m. Similar to Kandahar, they were located outside and made of barbed wire, which you could only put your fingers through. However, the cages were too cramped to stretch one's legs, unlike Kandahar, where there was space for walking. A toilet and tap was located in a corner.



"UNDERSTANDING OUR REVERENCE FOR THE QUR'AN, THE SOLDIERS WOULD THROW IT ON THE FLOOR AND TREAT IT WITH CONTEMPT. OUR HELPLESSNESS WAS INFURIATING."

In Guantanamo it was permitted to communicate with fellow detainees. Food packet rations were provided three times a day, the first at 7:30am. Due to the confined space, we were taken for 'exercise' every 48 hours. The soldiers would lead the prisoners individually to a 7m by 7m enclosure for 20 minutes. This was the only recreation for the first three months of my detention. The psychological torture was worse. Understanding our reverence for the Qur'an, the soldiers would throw it on the floor and treat it with contempt. Our helplessness was infuriating. At times, some chemical solution would be thrown onto the floor. We were told it was for cleaning. However, they would pour the chemical into the cell and run. The chemicals were very strong and made your throat burn, causing a fit of coughing and choking. I developed asthma from it.

In the face of this trauma I managed to keep myself together with the help of Allah. My iman (conviction) was strong and I accepted my fate. Other detainees were not so lucky. Prisoners lost their mind, some committed suicide. The situation was woeful, imprisoned in a far away land, no anticipation of a trial, tortured and abused with no ray of hope for freedom. It was enough to drive a man insane. Many attempted to take their own life by hanging, starvation or biting their wrists trying to tear the veins. I witnessed these incidents first hand, including a man who screamed as he choked himself to death in the cell opposite mine by hanging himself on the barbed wire.

Consequent to the rising number of incidents the guards set up a patrol. Whereas, previously, they had stood at the head of the row of cages, they now walked up and down. The soldiers were under orders to intervene in any occurrences of self-harm by detainees or attempted suicide. Everyone wanted this misery to end, most prayed but some reached their wits end and tried to end it all forever.





The circumstances were terrifying, like a scene from a horror movie. After the help of Allah, the only thing that kept me sane was my ability to converse in English. I struck up a relationship with several guards, discussing many things. As majority of them were Christian, I would explain to them the Islamic belief regarding the prophet Isa (Peace be upon him) and the commentary of surah Maryam. Some of the guards were commendable whilst others were pure evil. One of them eventually accepted Islam.

The guards rotated in three shifts, 6am to 2pm, 2pm to 10pm and 10pm to 6am. They were given instructions at the reception on how to treat individual prisoners. All the inmates' details were stored on the computer including who is aggressive, spits at or abuses the guards. The soldiers would keep away from these cells. With regards to myself, a direction was issued forbidding them from conversing or interacting with me.

Treatment of the brothers went from bad to worse. Savage episodes of strip-searching included an invasion of the back passage. Interrogation of the detainees took place regularly. At times, there would be a woman present in the interrogation and her menstrual blood would be smeared in the face of the prisoner. They would make noise and mock us as we prayed. "Who are you talking to?" "You talking to yourself?" "You're nuts." There were many other forms of abuse. Some incidents are too demeaning for me to recount.

In protest at the maltreatment, I went on a hunger strike ten times. Our plight was unbearable. We demanded that something be done about us. Either they take us to court or kill us, anything but this. They treat us worse than animals. Detainees reacted to this torment in different ways. Some committed suicide or became psychologically deranged, others became aggressive and attacked the guards, spitting in their faces and hurling excrement at them. By the grace of Allah, I managed to retain my sanity throughout the ordeal.

Released

The same woman with the evil eyes from my first interrogation came to tell me that I would be released. "You are a liar," I replied. Thereafter, to attend to my asthma, which had taken a bad turn, I was taken to an onsite hospital where the treatment was good. They kept me there for four days.

Following my discharge from the hospital, I was put into an isolation unit. The small room contained a camera above my head. They would monitor me around the clock. I couldn't even use the toilet without being caught on camera! After 29 days, I was made to undergo a lie detector test. Nodes were placed on my head, wrists and chest. My sweating was also monitored. The interrogator started off by asking me trivial questions; "Are you sitting or standing?" "Are you a man or a woman?" These were followed by questions regarding why I was in Afghanistan, who had I met etc.

I passed the test. The soldiers led me to another room, where I was given trainers, some diapers (for the journey), a pair of trousers, a white t-shirt and a jacket to wear. They also gave me a bag, a blanket and a Qur'an. A US army officer informed me that I shall now be returned to my home country. As the handcuffs were placed on me for one last time, I insisted that, since I was asthmatic, they do not transport me blindfolded, masked and bound as they had previously. This time I would not be patient. "We won't do that. The Red Cross will be there," said the officer reassuringly.

There was no feeling or inclination to say farewell to this wretched place as I was escorted to a car. Once inside, they blindfolded me and covered me with a hood, adding to the list of empty promises. It did not surprise me in the least; the Americans were just a bunch of liars.

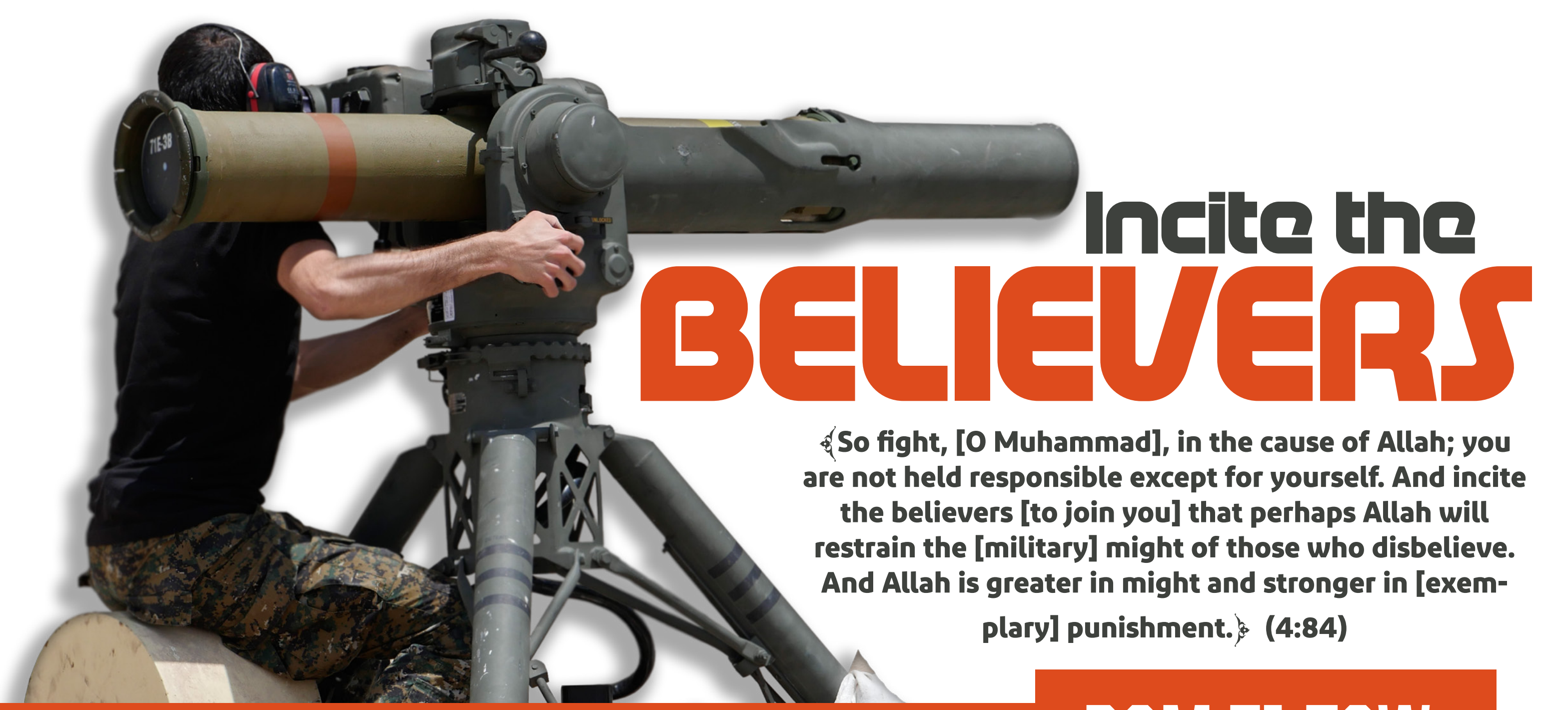
We arrived at the docks and mounted a ship. Thereafter, I boarded a plane. A couple of hours into the flight, my breathing felt restricted. The high altitude and hood, in addition to my asthma, made it difficult to breathe. I reached up and removed my hood. I was in a small plane. In the cabin were four other detainees and six US agents in civilian clothing. Hastily, but carefully, they removed my handcuffs from the front and replaced them behind my back. Something was injected into my thigh and I fell asleep. I only awoke as the plane came to land in my home country. After spending years in captivity, I was now a free man.

Sitting in the blessed land of al-Shaam (The Levant), reflecting on those weeks and days spent behind bars, I thank Allah for releasing me and providing me with the opportunity of carrying out jihad in his path again. I pray that Allah alleviates the suffering of the Ummah and returns to it its glory.

May Allah the almighty keep my brothers and sisters in these notorious prisons strong and firm, hasten their release and return them to their families. Ameen.




DIFFICULT ROADS OFTEN LEAD TO BEAUTIFUL PLACES.



Incite the BELIEVERS

﴾So fight, [O Muhammad], in the cause of Allah; you are not held responsible except for yourself. And incite the believers [to join you] that perhaps Allah will restrain the [military] might of those who disbelieve. And Allah is greater in might and stronger in [exemplary] punishment.﴿ (4:84)

Jihad is a system, and everyone must play their part.

BGM-71 TOW

Can you give us a brief description of your role(s) and responsibilities.

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: I'm in charge of the Anti-Armour (AA) unit in Jund al-Aqsa. It consists of all 'wire-guided' missiles that (we) employ against enemy armour (such as tanks, armoured personnel carriers [APCs], entrenching machinery, and artillery). I'm responsible for maintaining our (Anti-Tank Guided Missiles [ATGM]), their launching stations Metis and Konkurs), and the brothers that are part of this unit. We engage in frontline Ribat (in the defensive positions of the Muslims) and reconnaissance for (upcoming) offensive operations in the lands of the enemy (Kuffar).

What is Anti-Armour? And what does an Anti-Armour team consist of, and what do they do?

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: Anti-Armour weapons are employed to destroy enemy armour, consisting of vehicles, tanks, APCs, heavy machine guns, cannons (artillery). So (basically) any enemy weapons that are armoured. (We) also use them to target (and cut-off) enemy supply lines, logistics, and (even) large groups of enemy infantry.

The AA unit can be divided into two categories – attack and defence. In attack, we seek out (and destroy) enemy supply lines/routes, field fortifications, heavy artillery emplacements. Before, during and after offensive operations we attempt to disable or destroy the enemy's heavy artillery (such as tanks, field cannons, howitzers, and missile batteries) which is their main backbone in both defence and attack. In defence - after the brothers (Mujahideen) have conquered new areas, or Muslim territory that may be under attack, we set up our ATGM weapons at strategic points (to cover routes) that we anticipate that the enemy might (seek to) advance from.

How do ATGMs differ from other AA weapons?

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: ATGMs are more (technologically) advanced in comparison to the other (older) AA weapons, such as the RPG-7, 22, and 29, the SPG-9, and the like. With ATGMs after you fire a missile you are capable of controlling its flight (direction in the air), likewise they (usually) have (comparatively) longer ranges (and are generally more accurate) than other AA weapons.

What have been some of your other roles in the Jihad?

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: I've had a few previous roles in (this) Jihad; I manned a DSHK (12.7mm heavy machine gun), and I've also worked in the administrative/management sector of the Jihad.

What made you choose (to work in) ATGM?

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: One of the main reasons was that with the advancement of the Jihad (here in Syria) from the stage of guerrilla warfare to that of (semi) regular warfare, we have to try to adopt and utilize all different types of weapons available to the Mujahideen fighting the kuffar, and one of the most advanced weapons we have available to us now is anti-tank guided missiles, and the prophet ﷺ said, *"In firing there is strength"* [alluding to the hadith: Uqbah ibn 'Aamir narrated: I heard the Messenger of Allah on the pulpit say, *"And prepare against them whatever you are able to of power.* And, *"power is the ability to shoot, power is the ability to shoot, power is the ability to shoot."* (Muslim)], so this is (from) the more sophisticated methods of firing that we have so far. My first experience of AA was through a brother that was going out to fire, so out of curiosity I tagged along with him and I liked it and was curious about it, from there on I enrolled on a course, followed it up, and (eventually) was put in charge of (the unit).



How does AA fit in with the wider jihadi frame work?

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: AA fits into the military/education side of things because when you are on the AA team you are either going to be on the frontline or involved in teaching the skill, passing on information (and knowledge) to other Mujahideen, also maybe research and maintenance, for example you may have to fix some of the missiles that are gotten from ghanimah damaged, try and fix some of the damaged ATGM launchers. And so forth. Overall AA mainly falls into the military side of things.

As we moved from the stage of guerrilla warfare into regular warfare, the availability of weapons has become much broader. In guerrilla warfare you would mainly use light weapons and medium ranged machine guns, such as the DSHK, and maybe a 14.5mm – (more or less) anything that you could (physically) carry and get away with. In regular warfare you're going to be using everything from a tank downwards – the only thing we don't have is (working) aircrafts. So as the warfare has developed and changed it's going to require skills and Mujahideen that can fulfil all of these different types of roles, and this is just from a military perspective. We also require people that are able to cater for all of the needs of the frontline fighters, such as chefs, doctors, logistics, media... basically (roles from) all spheres of life that are needed support the Mujahideen – and they are classified as Mujahideen as well – and Allah knows best.

How would you advise somebody that wants to get involved with AA?

ABU YAHYA AL-DIMISHQI: As for the physical side of things, AA requires a lot of patience – you may be doing Ribat for a continuous period of six months, and (still) not get to fire at an enemy target. You are a hunter (which requires a great deal of patience)... if you want to get involved militarily it's best that you do a (training) course (in ATGM weapons), then go on a lot of Ribat accompanying and shadowing an experienced brother(s) to learn from them.

As for the one who wants to get involved financially and support the Jihad with his/her wealth, Allah the Most High and Exalted has mentioned in the majority of verses (regarding Jihad) Jihad of the wealth before He mentions Jihad of the self. So maybe buy this you can help to buy your 'arrow' for the sake of Allah [alluding to the hadith: The Messenger of Allah said, *"Whoever shoots an arrow, regardless of whether it reaches the enemy or not, would be like the one who frees a slave (Muslim slave), and that would free him from the Hellfire."* (An-Nasa'i)].

The minimum price of a (ATGM) missile is about $8,500 (Fagot missile), going up to the most expensive at about $20,000 (Kornet missile). So you can see that it's a very expensive part of the Jihad, but inshaAllah it's very effective against the enemy. If you consider that one of these missiles can destroy an enemy tank costing $150,000, so if you do the math, it's clear that it's worth it. And that's just from a worldly perspective. From the perspective of the Hereafter, this missile can be your 'arrow' that can be fired to 'free the slave' and can be your 'arrow' to Paradise, and Allah knows best.

SACRIFICE IS EASY WHEN YOU TRULY LOVE ALLAH.
A SOUL IS NOTHING TO GIVE FOR A HEART THAT LOVES TO MEET ITS LORD.

AND WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE WHO LOVE DEATH



"And what is death but a moment of passing, from a life that ends to one everlasting."

ABU BASEER

MAY ALLAH ACCEPT HIM

"Verily, Allah has bought from the believers their lives and their wealth in exchange for Jannah. They fight in the path of Allah, then they kill and are killed."

Abu Lihya (father of the beard) was recognised from afar by his distinctive lengthy beard in the streets of the UK. Of Indian heritage and English upbringing, he carried an intellectual understanding of that special combination between Eastern values and Western education, leaving an indelible imprint in the hearts and minds of all those who came in contact with him.

Had he chosen to continue his life in the western world, Abu Lihya would, no doubt, have been widely recognised as an educated beneficial individual - having attained his degree in sociology and criminology, as well as being certified to teach English as a foreign language.

However, he chose to pursue a much more important goal, leaving behind all he knew in an attempt to be of utmost worth to the ummah of Muhammad ﷺ, while at the same time fulfilling the contract that he had made with Allah - selling his life and wealth in exchange for Jannah. It was in pursuit of this goal that he became Abu Baseer Al-Hindi (rahimahullah), friend, educator, soldier, writer, cameraman and finally, esteemed martyr.

Being one of seven children, Abu Baseer (rahimahullah) did not hesitate to answer the call of jihad from the land of Shaam, aware as he did so, that his remaining siblings would care well for his parents. Leaving them in the trust of Allah, he undertook the hazardous journey in early 2014, settling down in the blessed land of Shaam.

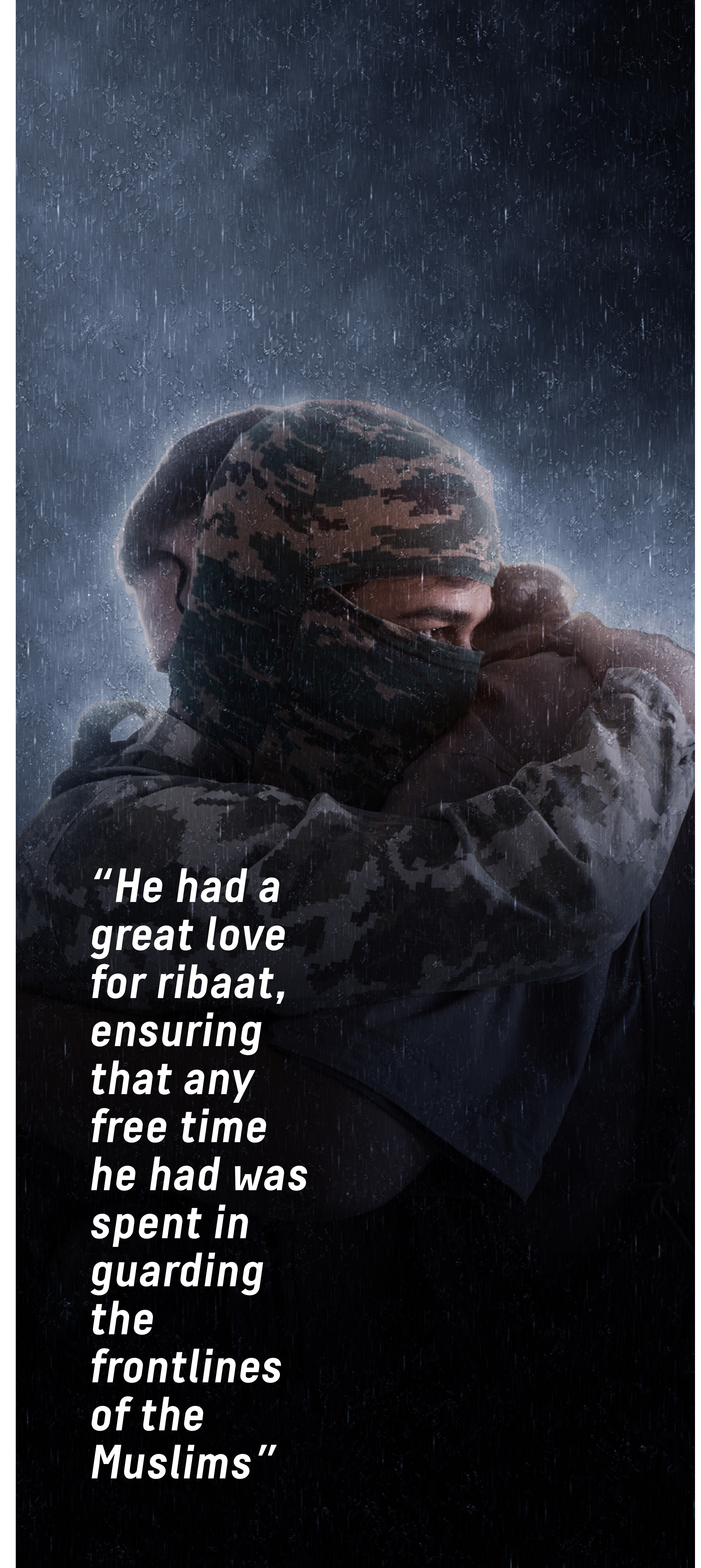
At the time of his arrival, ISIS had just declared itself a khilaafah and in his eagerness to be part of this much-awaited unity in the ummah, Abu Baseer (rahimahullah) gladly joined them. However, his intellect allowed him to see that which few others could and his lifelong habit of putting the views of the ulama before his own desires, allowed him to acknowledge that the problems in the manhaj of ISIS made them an unacceptable choice for khilaafah. Thus, with great disappointment, Abu Baseer (rahimahullah), along with a group of sincere brothers, made their escape from the false khilaafah and joined Jabhat al Nusrah, aware that their contract with Allah did not include allegiances to distorted interpretations of Islam.

In his mid-twenties, Abu Baseer (rahimahullah) was as eager to fulfill the sunnah of nikaah as any other young man. Brothers eagerly sought a suitable bride for him, but Allah did not will his marriage to take place in this world. Ironically, he would sometimes laughingly say: 'I will leave my marriage for the akhirah inshaAllah.' Three days before his shahada, he was riding a motorcycle with another brother who asked: "Baseer, don't you want to get married?" "No Akhi," he replied. "It's too much to consider at the moment; right now I just want to work." It appears that this is exactly what he did.
His eagerness to cling to the Qur'an and Sunnah was apparent in his everyday life. He would not discuss a matter except that he would refer to the Shariah for its view on said subject. Despite being of those people in whom deen was evident, he often expressed regret that he had not acquired a deeper understanding of Islam in earlier years.

What is there to say regarding the worship of Abu Baseer (rahimahullah)? He was of those few individuals whom the pages of a book cannot do justice to. By Allah, he was always fasting...choosing the best of fasts as described by the Prophet ﷺ - the fast of Dawood (as). Observers would often wake at night, only to find him deeply engaged in qiyaamul layl. His day would not end without him having recited a juz of Qur'an. This is in the general part of the year; as for Ramadan - that would see an increase in his worship. In describing his worship, a brother says: "I would try my best to compete with him in worship, but it was something I could not catch up to."

Even before his final battle, when a call came for his group to march forward, Abu Baseer (rahimahullah) was engaged in prayer. A brother waiting impatiently for him to complete his salah, mentioned how tempted he was to interrupt him on observing his lengthy qiyaam and sujood, but managed to contain himself until Abu Baseer had completed his salah. Before setting forth for the battle, the brother enquired: "Would you like a spare battery for the camera in case the battle lasts long?" "No," he responded. "It should be over very soon inshaAllah."

He had a great love for ribaat, ensuring that any free time he had was spent in guarding the frontlines of the Muslims. When not engaged in physical jihad, he dedicated himself to defending the honour of the believers verbally. He was active on social media, eagerly encouraging others to spend their lives in the service of Allah, while also fighting the ongoing battle against the falsehood of the khawarij, exposing their incredibility with simple, stated facts. In his effort to achieve this, he encouraged the brothers to start Al-Risaalah magazine and became its editor, his pen striking with harsh accuracy at the hearts of the enemy, no less a potent weapon than any other military instrument. He was engaged in writing a eulogy for the martyr, Abu Batool Al-Muhajir, but instead joined his ranks before completing it.



As a friend and companion, Abu Baseer (rahimahullah) was a humble, simple man, loved by Muhajireen and Ansaar alike. He had a soft nature and was quiet around newcomers until he had gotten to know them, but as for those whom he was comfortable around - they saw the bubbly, laughing youngster who put smiles on the faces of those with him. He loved to make halal jokes and was easy to get along with, often making everyone laugh.
He was one of those people who hated making others go out of their way for him. He would try to put himself in other people's shoes, in order to better understand them and would rarely, if ever, get angry at anyone, nor would he be a means of upsetting anyone else. He was true to his word, ensuring that anything he said would get done.
He became the cameraman for Jabhat al Nusrah, so that his time was either spent in the frontlines, fighting, or filming the battles in an effort to encourage others to fight. A day before his martyrdom, a brother called him and said: "Akhi, I had a dream that you were killed."
A brother mentioned his last conversation with Abu Baseer (rahimahullah), in which Abu Baseer asked him if he had seen the new Al-Shabab video where the cameraman is filming and gets killed. SubhaanAllah, it is as if he was describing his own death which would take place in precisely that manner, while filming in the frontline but a few days later.

A brother who dreamt of him after his death, narrates his dream saying: "I asked him: 'what happened to you, o Abu Baseer? You were killed.' He replied: 'I didn't feel anything when it happened.' I then enquired: 'Did Allah accept you?' And he responded: 'yes, He did.'

As the hadith mentions:
"A martyr only feels from the effect of being killed that which one would when being stung."

(Tirmidhi)

May Allah (swt) accept him and reunite us in Al Firdous.

Ameen



TRUE MEN ARE FOUND IN TIMES OF HARDSHIP

ABU BATOOL AL MUHAJIR
MAY ALLAH ACCEPT HIM

EVERLASTING REWARD